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frame, for occasional rain is really necessary to the well-being of an umbrella; and also being designed by art to be the companion of man, I naturally felt my isolated position. However, the house was well filled with boarders; and from my corner I could watch the people as they passed and repassed through the hall on their way to the dining-room, or to meet the arrival of the various steamboats. One among them all especially interested me. Helen Leigh was a girl perhaps of twenty-three years of age; rather tall and slight, with golden hair, and gray eyes veiled by long dark lashes. Her delicately moulded features expressed both pride and reserve; and yet I could see at times when she stood by the window and gazed dreamily out upon the river, as if her thoughts were very far away, such a weary look in her eyes, as if she waited and suffered. She came every winter, with an aunt, I believe, but seemed to be very much alone: whether from choice or necessity, I could not tell. "That girl has a story," I said to myself at once; for I remembered that my grandfather, who had had a long experience of the ways of mankind, had told me that men and women had stories in their lives, and very interesting ones, too, sometimes. But at the same moment when I decided that there was a story, I also thought that it must ever remain a mystery to me.

One morning in March, just as the whistle of the daily steamboat blew, the quick patter of rain-drops was heard; and I thought that some one would certainly catch me up on their way to the boat. Alas! the boat came and went, and the shower passed off, leaving me still in my solitary corner. Two or three persons had arrived, and the morning's excitement was over.

In the afternoon, Miss Leigh appeared in the hall, with her hat, and a shawl thrown over her arm, where she was joined by a tall, fine-looking man, evidently one of the late arrivals.

"There may possibly be another shower before we return," she said. "Shall we take an umbrella?"

"By all means," was the answer. "I will get one."

"That is not necessary; there is an old umbrella behind the door; we can take that, for it belongs to the house."

As she said this, the gentleman put me under his arm, and they walked down to the wharf. After unfastening a rowboat, he arranged the cushions and placed Miss Leigh comfortably in the stern, laid me beside her, then took his seat and began to row toward a creek not very far distant.

"I hope that you will admire our river, Mr. Graham," said Miss Leigh, at length, in her cold, quiet voice.

"Your river," he replied. "Yes, it is beautiful; but I was not thinking of it just then. My thoughts went back to the time when we were last in a rowboat together. Five years ago! Do you remember?"

"Certainly; on the Lake of Lucerne, at sunset."

"Did you think on that afternoon that so long a time would elapse before we should meet again?" he asked.

"Yes; and perhaps even longer," was the calm answer.

"Helen!" exclaimed Mr. Graham, while an expression of passionate pain crossed his face, "I fear that my coming to America has been indeed useless. Yet I could not rest without knowing whether your pride, which was too great to allow of your demanding an explanation at a time when by doing so you would have spared one of us, at least, many years of suffering, was still too great to hear the explanation, even at this late hour, of what must have seemed to you then such a cruel mystery."

"It is indeed late to offer to solve the problem now," replied Miss Leigh; and I saw that she was very pale and trembled violently.

"It has been impossible to do so until now," said Mr. Graham, simply. "Two months ago, I was summoned by a telegram to the death-bed of Edward Foster, at Paris; and there I learned, for the first time, the means that had been used to separate us. Living, I never could have forgiven him; but in the presence of death one can do much, and his remorse was terrible to witness. He told me," continued Mr. Graham, "that one evening, while sitting at his window, which was directly over one of the balconies at the hotel, he had overheard a portion of my conversation with your old friend, Mildred Williams, who, you remember, left Lucerne just two days before our last row upon the lake. That conversation, which related entirely to her own affairs, he had partly misunderstood, and repeated to you, willfully misrepresenting it in such a way as to convey the impression to your mind of the greatest treachery on my part; and at the same time he rendered it quite impossible for you to know the real truth without asking me directly for an explanation. And that, ah, Helen! he well knew your fatal pride would never permit you to do. And this he did, with the hope of winning you for himself at some future day."

"But that he could not do," said the girl, in an agitated voice.

"No," returned Mr. Graham; "he told me of his failure, just one year after he had succeeded in separating us. Then, in the extent of his own sorrow, for he really loved you in his way, he first realized what he had done, but did not have the moral courage to atone for his fault. Now, Helen, you know all. For the sake of my own honor, if for no other reason, I felt bound to seek you and offer this explanation. One word from you at that time, and we should not have parted on the Lake of Lucerne, that afternoon—you so coldly, I so utterly bewildered, half-mad with doubt and sorrow."

"I see it all, now," she said, covering her face with her hands; "but do you not believe that I, too, have suffered?"

Here they both started, aroused from their absorbing conversation by a peal of thunder, while great drops fell from the sky, whose black and threatening looks had remained entirely unnoticed.

"Row toward the shore, and among the reeds on the other side of that next point, we may perhaps find some shelter," said Miss Leigh, as she quickly raised me over her head.

The boat was soon behind the little point of land, but could not approach the shore near enough for the trees to afford any protection from the storm which had burst upon us with such sudden violence. The rain was blinding, and the lightning repeated at quick intervals.

"Mr. Graham," exclaimed Helen, "do come under the shelter of this umbrella. It is fortunately very large; indeed you must not remain where you are."

"The rain is a matter of slight consequence," said Mr. Graham, "and I can not come to your side, Helen, when only kindness induces you to ask me."

"Harry, come to me!" she cried. And oh! what infinite love and longing were contained in those words.

He was beside her instantly. Aye, they were together then and forevermore. What mattered then the storm?—the rain fell unheeded. For the five weary years of loneliness, they lay already far behind them. The present alone occupied their thoughts.

"Can you forgive me all that I have made you suffer?" asked Helen, after a happy silence. "I do not deserve such happiness; but indeed life has been very bitter to me, also." And she raised her beautiful eyes shining through tears, to his face, to meet there a look of such unchangeable love, that she knew there was no need of further words. In the depth of that abiding love was all forgiven—every doubt dispelled, and henceforth they felt that they were one for time and for eternity.

The rain had now ceased, and the black clouds had disappeared. Mr. Graham placed me carefully in the bottom of the boat to dry, and said gayly: "We should certainly have found each other, Helen, but perhaps not quite so soon without the friendly aid of this umbrella! We ought to be very grateful for the share it has had in this happy afternoon."

She assented with a bright smile, but I could see that I was far from her thoughts at that moment.

He then rowed a little farther on, to the mouth of the creek, and allowed the boat to drift among the lily-pads, while they watched the sun set, all the more brilliant after the recent storm. The scene was one of exquisite loveliness, but the lateness of the hour forced them to turn homeward. The water was perfectly calm, reflecting the glories of the sunset, until far out into the river it glowed with a crimson light. The western sky was burning with a deep golden color, in which appeared gray and crimson clouds, and here and there long streaks of a rare pale green. On the opposite side of the river one could fairly gaze into the soft blue heavens, across which white fleecy clouds, just tinged with rose, like happy thoughts, were flitting. On the shore near which we rowed, were live-oaks fringed with waving moss; the tall lovely pines, and the dark magnolia leaves mingled with the fresh tender shades of living green; while growing by the water's edge were the venerable cypresses, hoary with age, yet crowned with spring's eternal youth.

"How beautiful this river is," said Mr. Graham. "I do not wonder, Helen, that you are fond of it."

"And yet," she replied, with such a far-away look in her eyes, "strange as it may seem, I have never fully comprehended it until now. Hitherto its beauty has only served to form the minor chords in the running accompaniment of my life. To-day, I hold the key to it all; and nature herself, in richest tones, swells the harmony of two lives complete at length in one."

By this time the boat had almost reached the wharf. The sunset had given place to twilight, and the quiet stars were beginning to shine in the deep blue of the southern sky. The warm air was sweet with the perfume of orange blossoms, and the stillness was only broken by the hum of insects and the tinkling of a distant cow-bell. Mr. Graham assisted Helen to step up on the wharf; and after securing the boat, he once more took me under his arm, and they walked slowly toward the house. The piazza was deserted. They lingered for a moment before entering the door, unwilling to leave their paradise; then Mr. Graham placed me again in my old corner, and they disappeared within the dining-room.

I had had my day, and the story was told.

— A. B. Neilson.

"OUR TREASURES."

OUR treasures!—truly so: no other name.
Could tell their value to the yearning heart,
So far above all gems with light aflame,
All handiwork of highest human art.
Our treasures!—by no freak of fortune given,
Nor won by wasting toil in field or mine,
But richest boons vouchsafed by bounteous heaven,
And bearing thus an impress all divine.

What wealth of gold or gems could loss repay
Of one such treasure, should the death-bolt fall
And heaven, the giver, choose to take away
What well it claims, as having furnished all!
Ah, who shall say what long and abject grief
Would rack the losers, this sad kinship shown
With dying seasons and the fallen leaf,
O'er which our nature makes so sad a moan?

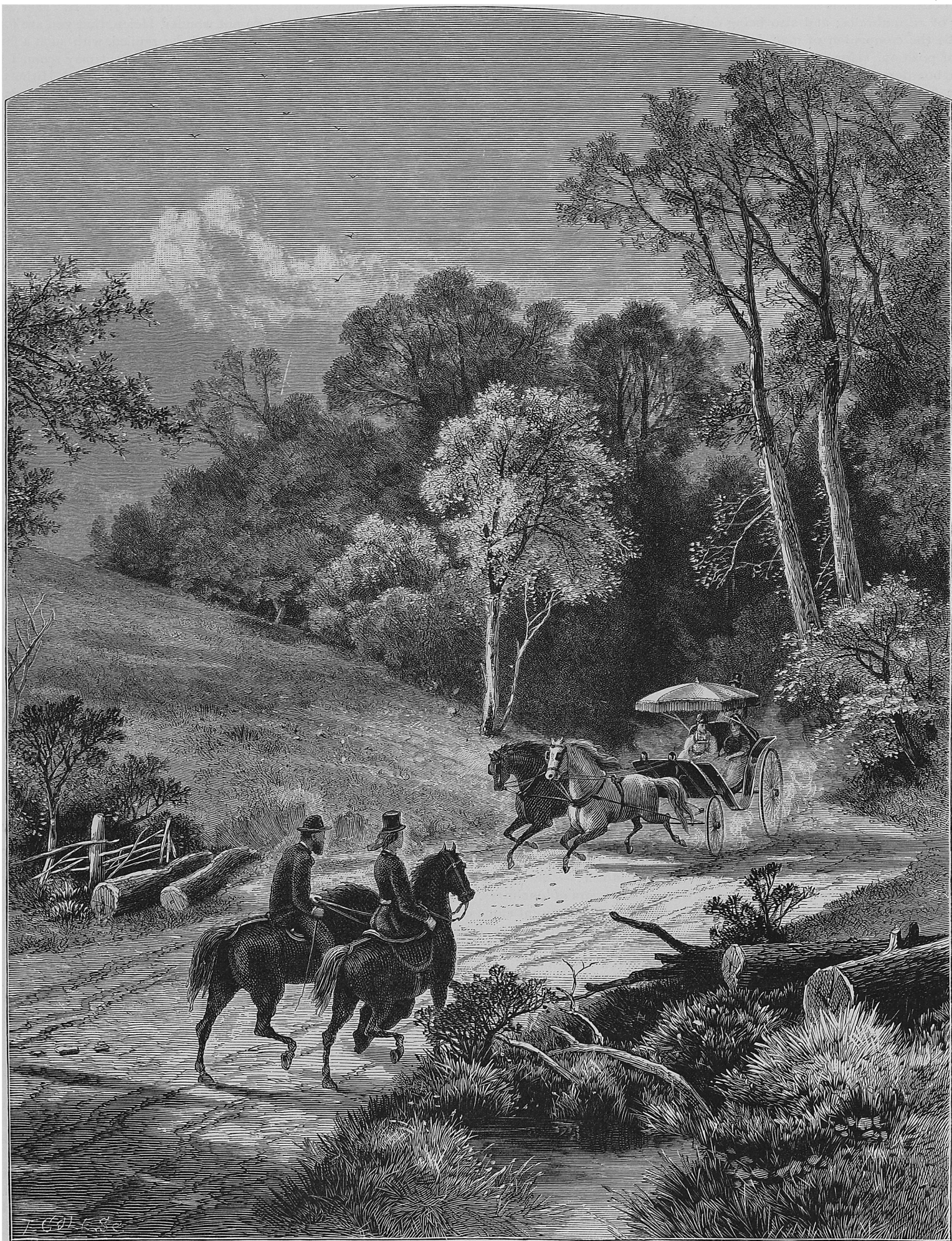
But see!—"a wheel within a wheel" may move,
As olden proverbs have it; for to them—
Our treasures—anxious and parental love
Has given other treasures—nugget, gem,
Cheap-purchased, but of value all untold,
When young eyes see and youthful fingers clasp,
And all those toys, so worthless to the old,
Are hugged and fondled in the baby grasp.

God give us thankful hearts for good achieved!—
For lovely households, sweet-faced girls and boys,
And even for other blessings oft received,
Down to the minor wealth of children's toys!
So shall we learn the lesson of the years,
And do His work, where'er our lot is cast,
Enjoying life, escaping bitterest tears,
And coming to the treasure-house at last.

— John Hay Furness.

"JOHN H. SMITH AND BRIDE."

It is no matter at which of the Albany hotels I was spending a night and morning, preparatory to a sail down the Hudson on the *Daniel Vibbard* of the day line. Call it the Delavix, as good a name as the original really possesses. I was in quest of my bill, half an hour before the leaving of the boat, in the morning; and pointing out to the clerk the name, on the register, I happened upon an entry not long after my own, of the previous evening, eminently suggestive, to say the least of it. In a fine, bold hand stood on that page the legend: "John H. Smith and Bride, Fort Edgar." "That couple—are they here yet?" I asked of the clerk. "Oh, that couple," he half-laughed in reply, "they may have started for the day boat, as they go down with it to New York, to-day." I paid my bill, in that instance, with much more than my usual celerity in such operations, and within five minutes was on my way down to the dock—for what would life be worth, in the event of my failing to sail with "John H. Smith and Bride?" I reached the *Vibbard* in time and safety. I sailed with her for the commercial metropolis. I eschewed all the pleasures and occupations of the day, to find the happy couple who thus dared to proclaim their new and perfect felicity to the world. I chanced upon four wrong new-married couples; for the *Vibbard* seemed to be half-monopolized by the callow in Benedictine life. And then I discovered the genuine originals, to have a new picture set in my mental gallery, which would go no more out forever.



THE GLEN, NEWPORT.—J. D. WOODWARD.

"John H. Smith" was two-and-twenty, and possibly weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds. "Bride" had measured some five-and-thirty years, and had an avoirdupois of approaching two hundred pounds, not to mention a promising mustache, which "Smith" had not, even incipiently. "Smith" seemed of about the calibre of a small shopkeeper; "Bride" might have been a landed proprietress in a small way, to judge by the amount of cheap jewelry loading her flounced, overskirted and pull-backed traveling costume. "Smith" was subduedly happy; "Bride" was overwhelmingly so. They snuggled away into a corner, and kept that corner all the way down, except when "Smith" descended for refreshments, which he afterward fed his darling in the mother-bird way. "Bride," while he was gone, fluttered uneasily and seemed bereaved, relapsing into beatific happiness when he returned. Which of the two, of that couple, formed the couch to the other,

most of the time, I can not state—they seemed to lie upon each other, alternately and miscellaneously. They cooed to each other, constantly and wonderfully. They ate candies, ruinously. They were the two happiest people I ever saw, in a somewhat long life. That is why I have taken the liberty of dealing with them. The world is *not* all a desert and a humbug. "John H. Smith and Bride" have found a Utopia still existing. May they never wander out of it! Long bloom the orange flowers, and flourish the bridal roses! I have said. — *John Thompson, Jr.*

THREE NEWPORT PICTURES.

IN spite of the claims to public favor, as summer sea-shore resorts, presented for many years by Cape May, and during the past few by Long Branch (with the attraction of the Presidential residence added), it can not be questioned that Newport maintains all

its old ascendancy as the most fashionable of the marine watering-places of America, and can not be rivaled by any other on the score of the wealth and fashion represented by its visitors. Whether this continued ascendancy (spite of the numerical standing of Long Branch as to visitors) is to be attributed to the fine old flavor imparted by the circular remain alternately called a Norse tower and a windmill, giving a certain air of the "castle," and thus imitating the Old World—or whether the vicinity of Fort Adams and the opportunity thus afforded the ladies of hop-ing and flirting with the military officers, has anything to do with this pleasant continuance in reputation—or whether the opportunity for elegant "cottage-life" afforded by the fine bluff is really the secret—or whether, after all, the aggregated beauty of the place, marine and inland, furnishes the solution of the problem—all this, probably, must for the time remain a moot point in society.